FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

The Veil Has Gone—The Queen Is Out of Mourning and the King Is in Purple—Reform in Woman's Dress—Facts About Old Lace.

PASSING OF THE VEIL.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra have had their last mourning photos taken. The official term of grief has expired, and their royal highnesses will hereafter be taken in the ermine and the purple, but not in black.

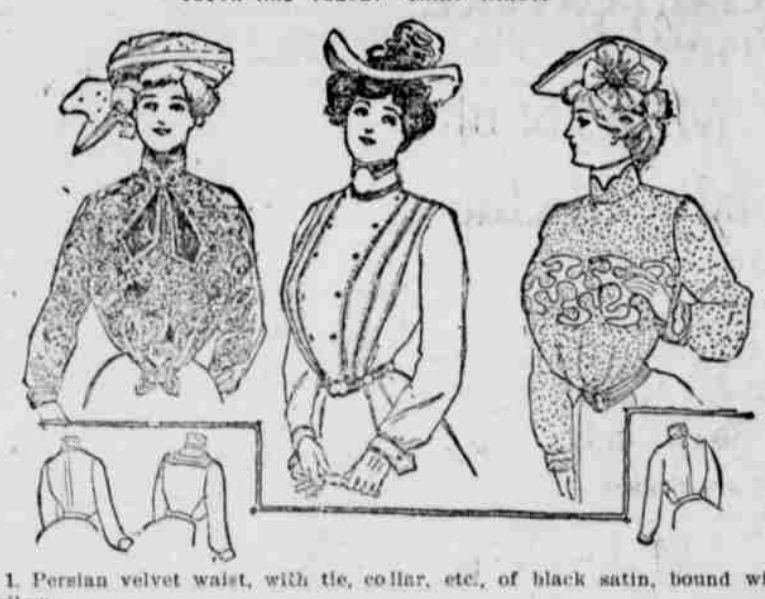
The Queen has laid aside her veil of crape, upon which the crown posed so jauntily in the spring and summer, and now she wears the most beautiful costumes in vari-colors, though for the most part in gray, as her majesty is very partial to that shade. The King will hereafter don his army uniform or wear citizen's clothes, as may please him, but the heavy dead black of mourning will not be noticed, says the Philadelphia Press.

The last mourning photo of their majesties shows them in full regalia, but with the weeds upon them. The King, ever gallant, holds the Queen's fingers in his own, and the Queen stands just a little in the background as befits a consort. Her majesty is sweet-faced as ever, but a trifle thin. Though a woman past middle life, she still holds her own and is now, as she has been for the past generation, the prettiest royal lady in Europe. Their mourning picture is to be perpetuated in a beautiful painting to be immediately executed by the court painter.

FACTS ABOUT OLD LACE.

In fixing the approximate date of any given piece of lace it is well to remember that machine-made thread was not used until after the beginning of the 18th century. Before that time the threads ran in length of about 20 inches, for the worker could stretch no farther than her distaff, and had to break off and join again; if after unraveling some 25 inches of thread no joint is found the lace is surely after the introduction of machine-made thread. The "bride's ornee" alone are enough to go by; in the 15th century the bar had only a knot or dot as ornament; in the 16th, a double or single loop; in the 17th, a star. The edging also helps; a sharp angle in the scallop fixes the date in the Middle Ages; the rounded scallop came in with the 19th century; with the 17th century a dotted scallop; the 18th one is more elaborate, a large alternating with a small scallop, and dots along the center of each.—St. Louis Republic.

CLOTH AND VELVET SHIRT WAIST.



1. Persian velvet waist, with tie, collar, etc., of black satin, bound with yellow.
2. White cloth, with pleats in front, bound with black satin, closed with crocheted buttons, black stitching.
3. Red flannel, cut out over white, and outlined in black cord.

HINTS FOR A CHILD'S ROOM.

Let it be nearer the garret than the cellar.

Sunshine should stream in even if there has to be added a skylight.

While nursery wall paper is the best paper, none at all is better yet.

A poor floor may be covered with linoleum and a rug or so.

One large room may serve, but two are better, as the bed may then be in an apartment by itself, where dust-catching ornament has no place.

Decoration of the playroom may well be largely left to the youthful occupant.

Pictures there will be! But they should be chosen with care, as from constant association the child will have its ideas. So be certain the drawings and colors are correct.

From large prints a dado may be made.

Picture friezes have been formed from the smaller in many instances.

Any other treasures in the pictorial line may be utilized for the passe-partout work, which is helpful exercise, not to mention the protection it gives to choice prints.

WHY WOMEN DISAGREE.

Why do women dislike women? "It isn't jealousy," said one of the sex, "because the dislike is not confined to homely and unsuccessful women, and the objects are not always pretty and successful ones. It may be because women are not easily 'done.'

"It is not because women are women that they are disliked by their own sex in business. It is because the average 'home woman' doesn't understand. She is usually monarch of her home, absolutely the most important person in it, and she loses the true appreciation of the importance of other people outside it. A man in business is constantly brought in contact with men who are his equals or superiors, who have equal rights with him, whereas a woman may spend two hours a day visiting with callers of her own grade of intelligence, as against sixteen spent with the children and the servants. When she does meet men it is either in the capacity of grocery boys or clerks whose business it is to defer to her opinions, however illogical, or in a social way, when it isn't worth while to combat her ideas if they happen to be erratic.

"So that unless she makes a very great effort she becomes positive and dogmatic, and when she meets other women where there is a clash of interests she expects the same deference from them that she receives in her daily surroundings from men, and this is in a great measure the reason why women's discussion, when it strays outside the realms of dress and babies, is not always as peaceful as is desirable."—Newark News.

FASHION WOULD SUFFER.

The leading idea of reform in woman's dress is that every garment ought to fit according to the natural lines of the figure, without any impediment, without pinching or exclusion of free air that is supposed to penetrate as freely as possible through the clothing. I am afraid that elegance will be the sufferer for some time to come, for the medical celebrities who are thinking only of the practical side and wishing to give relief to their patients suffering through their mode of dressing, leave it to those whose profession it is to think how to introduce their planned reforms into practical use. Yet this form of suffering of elegance will only wear so long as fashion ignores those reformatory views. If the leaders of fashion would take the reform of woman's dress in hand and go in boldly for it, breaking with the traditions of high collars and pinched waists, Louis Quinze heels, veils, etc., the dawn of the reformed woman's dress would quickly come, the scale would turn in accordance, and the fashion of today would be scorned by those who are now its warmest followers and adorers.—Princess Ysenburg in the North American Review.

COOKING SCHOOL.

Biscuit Tortoni.

Make ice cream according to the foregoing recipe, but before freezing beat in a tablespoonful of caramel, a small wineglassful of sherry, a half-cup of macaroons ground small, and a half-cup of dry powdered sponge cake. Pour into paper cases that come for this purpose; sprinkle the tops with blanched and minced almonds and pack in the tin and freeze.

Indian Corn Cake.

Sift a cup of flour, two cups of Indian meal and two tablespoonfuls of baking powder with a teaspoonful of salt together in a large bowl. Make a hole in the center of the meal and flour and work in two and a half cups of milk, three eggs, beaten very light, two teaspoonfuls of sugar and a heaping teaspoonful of butter, melted. Mix thoroughly, pour in a greased mold, and bake in a steady oven, until a straw comes out clean from the thickest part of the loaf. Eat at once.

Give neither counsel nor salt until you are asked for it.

The fool promises more than he can perform.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

The Principal Governments of the World Acknowledge the Business Ability of Cats—The New Sister, or How the Baby Was Named.

WHEN TIMMIE DIED.

I think—I really think I cried
A little bit, when Timmie died.
You see, he was so soft and gray,
And liked so very much to play,
That when I found him cold and still,
Stretched out beside the barn-door sill,
It seemed as if he'd just forgot
To breathe a little minute, not
That he was dead. I smoothed the paws
That covered up his cunning claws;
He did not stir. Then Helen found
A ribbon, and she tied it round
His neck. 'Twas new and red.
But, oh! my Timmie cat was dead,
And ribbons could not make him see,
Or give the kitty back to me.
And then we buried little Tim
Beneath the sunflowers, with a rim
Of pansies—purple ones and gold—
Around him, and I let him hold
A favorite spool, his very own,
A little bit 'cause Timmie died!
I'm sure you think I might have cried
Then, when we left him there alone.
—Philadelphia Times.

THE NEW SISTER.

"Look carefully," said the kind nurse, turning down a corner of the flannel blanket. "Don't touch her, dears, but just look."

The children stood on tiptoe and peeped into the tiny red face. They were frightened at first, the baby was so very small, but Johnny took courage in a moment.

"Hasn't she got any eyes?" he asked. "Or is she like kittens?"

"Yes, she has eyes, and very bright ones, but she is fast asleep now."

"Look at her little hands!" whispered Lily. "Aren't they lovely? Oh, I do wish I could give her a hug."

"Not yet!" said nurse. "She is too tender to be hugged. But mamma sends word that you may give her something—a name. She wants you and Johnny to choose the baby's name, only it must not be either Jemima, Keziah or Karen-Happuch."

Then nurse went back into mamma's room and left Johnny and Lily staring at each other, too proud and happy to speak at first.

"Let's sit right down on the floor and think!" said John. So down they sat.

"I think Claribel is a lovely name," said Lily, after a pause. "Don't you?"

"No," replied Johnny. "It's too girly!"

"But baby is a girl."

"I don't care! She needn't have such a very girly name. How do you like Ellen?"

"O Johnny! Why, everybody's named Ellen! We don't want her to be just like everybody! Now Seraphina is not common."

"I should hope not. I should need a mouth a yard wide to say it. What do you think of Bessie?"

"Oh, Bessie is very well, only—well, I should be always thinking of Bessie Jones, and you know she isn't very nice. I'll tell you what, Johnny! Suppose we call her Vesta Geneva, after that girl papa told us about yesterday!"

"Lily, you are a perfect silly! Why, I wouldn't be seen with a sister called that! I think Polly is a nice, jolly kind of a name."

"Well, I don't."

"Well," said nurse, coming in again, "what is the name to be, dears? Mamma is anxious to know."

Two heads hung very low, and two pairs of eyes sought the floor and stayed there. "Shall I tell you," the good nurse went on, taking no notice, "what I think would be a very good name for baby?"

"Oh, yes, yes, do tell us, 'cause we can't get the right one!"

"Well, I thought your mother's name, Mary, would be the very best name in the world. What do you think?"

"Why, of course it would! We never thought of that! Oh, thank you, nurse!" cried both voices, joyously. "Dear nurse! will you tell mamma, please?"

Nurse nodded and went away smiling, and Lily and John looked sheepishly at each other.

"I—I will play with you, if you like, Johnny, dear."

"All right, Lil! Come along!"—Laura E. Richards in Youth's Companion.

BUSINESS TOMS.

The principal governments of the world acknowledge the business ability of the cats by placing under their surveillance the unusual mail sacks and grain bags belonging to the different departments. The maintenance of an army of "cats, who catch the rats that gnaw the sacks that hold the material that the governments prize," is duly recorded by the United States postoffice, the imperial printing office of France, the government printing office in England and the municipality of Vienna. The last-named department is more mindful of a duty toward animals than the others, for, after years of active service, the cats are placed on the "retired list," with a comfortable pension. However, when a litter of fluffy kittens duly arrives at Uncle Sam's postoffice, the local postmaster informs the district superintendent of the fact, and an increase is allowed in cat rations. In France, the local staff is fed twice a day, and a man is employed to look after these business cats, so that milk and cats' meat may be provided to fill any deficiency that may arrive when rats and mice fail to fill the larder. Many large establishments, like the Midland railway company of England, dock yards, shipping and storing houses and public offices, employ cats for similar services. At one time the Midland company placed between three and four hundred thousand empty corn sacks under the care of eight cats during the storage season and they did their work successfully, while an adjoining store house suffered the entire loss of their corn bags through the ravages of rats. However, it can hardly be maintained that all the business cats are Toms, nor that the present cat fad originated through an angle of utility, or that any of the eastern or western cities have incorporated catteries in order to find employment for the erstwhile unemployed cat. For this is not the case; merely the fashionable world set its seal of approval upon the feline family, and now a well-conducted cattery, wherein are reared idle Tabbies, is a source of considerable income, with but little outlay of trouble. Two rows of kennels, in a sunny rear garden, joined overhead by wire netting, and thus inclosing a runway or playground, which may be furnished with old trunks of trees, ladders and boxes, over which the cats may climb, constitute a convenient cattery. The male cats are kept in close confinement, for the peace of the neighborhood, and are only allowed to exchange courtesies with each other through wire netting, while the mothers and kittens enjoy the runway and are only put in their kennels at night. Their natural food is raw meat, but now and then they require a change, such as boiled asparagus stems, cabbage, lettuce, or some other vegetable, either cooked or fresh. Some cats can be taught to eat almost anything, while others, all their lives, will refuse to eat anything but meat or milk. Very peculiar prices were paid for ordinary cats a thousand years ago, as shown in Berwick's "Quadrupeds." The price of a kitten was one penny, until proof could be had of its having taught a mouse; then two pence; after that it was rated at four pence, which was a great sum in those days. It was likewise required to have good hearing and seeing, have whole claws, and, if a female, be a good nurse. If, after being sold, it failed in any one of these qualities, the seller forfeited one-third of the price. If any one should steal or kill a cat that guarded the king's granary (Hoel the Good, king of Wales), he was either to forfeit a milch ewe, her fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its feet—its head touching the floor—would form a heap high enough to cover the tips of its feet.

BARE-FOOT CHILDREN.

Several years have passed since the practice of allowing children to go barefoot first started among the well-to-do classes in England. A considerable impulse was given to it by the announcement in the press that little Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's favorite grandchild, was allowed to run about most of the time without either shoes or stockings. Since then the fad seems to have spread in remarkable fashion, and, judging from the latest reports, it bids fair to assume the proportions of a craze. Already it is the subject of correspondence in the newspapers, and has provoked the solemn hilarity of Punch. Originally it was only in the privacy of their homes or gardens that the little daughters of luxury frolicked with naked feet, but now it is no uncommon experience, even in the London streets, to see dainty toilets of silk and satin ending, somewhat incongruously in bare toes. As a protection against broken glass and other dangers of the sidewalks, scandals, of the old Roman pattern, are worn, and it is said that many of the principal shoe stores are doing a lively business in these articles. Perhaps the most curious result of this latest whim is the sharp conflict of opinion, which it has excited, among the physicians. Some members of the profession, adopting the popular theory, maintain that the barefoot habit not only is healthful, but insures the proper development, and consequent beauty, of the exposed member, while others hold that it is a dangerous and needlessly risky experiment, which, in any event, must produce large, ungainly, splay feet. In support of their theory, they argue that the feet of savage races are generally of vast and unsightly proportions. That is a question for the anthropologists; but any one with eyes in his head may be convinced that there are plenty of well-formed feet among the shoeless urchins of the cities.

A LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

HOME WHERE DRUG VICTIMS MAY BE CURED.

To Be Erected on the Farm on Which the Martyred President Was Born—Patients to Be Treated Free of Charge, It Is Said.

(Special Letter.)

The farm in Kentucky on which Abraham Lincoln was born and where his earliest years were spent is to be turned into a resort for the cure of victims of the alcohol and drug habits. St. Luke's Society, of Chicago, has acquired possession of the property, and is going to erect upon it a number of buildings, where the victims of liquor and drugs may be treated and cured. Work on the buildings will begin in the spring, and the society expects to raise and expend $250,000 before its plans are fully carried out.

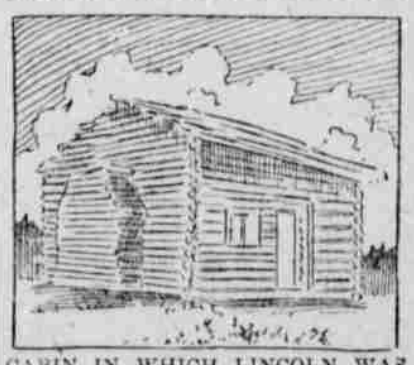
The institution will be entirely free, and will be supported by an endowment fund. Dr. Struble, of Chicago, one of the directors of the society, has secured an option on 350 acres of land adjacent to the Lincoln farm, and the latter, consisting of 110 acres, has been turned over to the society by the former owner, A. W. Dennett, of New York. After the first building is erected some of the patients who are cured will work on the other buildings.

"The home," says Dr. Struble, "will be a memorial to Lincoln, and will be the greatest temperance project ever undertaken in this country. The number of patients it will be able to treat in a few years will be unlimited. We propose to put up several buildings of a substantial character, and the number will be increased as the number of patients increase.

"The cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born, which was originally on the farm and is now at the Buffalo Exposition, will be returned to its old site. The cabin in which Jeff Davis was born, 100 miles from Hodgensville, will be placed by its side."

The St. Luke Society has a home in Chicago where victims are treated. The police send human wrecks to the society and the jails also furnish patients. Quarters are maintained where the rich can be luxuriously treated, but in such cases payment is expected. One eastern banker when presented with a bill for $100 gave his check for $1,000 instead, and when, after reaching home, he found that he had no desire for drugs or liquors, he sent the society an additional $1,500.

The mode of treatment is a secret and most peculiar in its working. On entering the institution the patient is given a strong purgative. Then three injections of a dark-colored liquid are made into his arm. After this he is taken upstairs and placed in charge of a nurse, with other unfortunates to keep him company. The black fluid is injected into his arm four times a day. He is given tea and toast twice a day and soup once a day. That is the whole treatment.



CABIN IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN.

But the patient does not know that he is being treated. He does not even know where he is. The black fluid which has been injected into his arm produces hallucination. He may be fighting Tagalogs in the Philippines; he may be playing foot-ball. His experience may be singing in a church choir; he may be pleasant or the reverse. It is generally pleasant.

The delusions are caused by the medicine. When the patient ceases taking it his mind is as clear as a bell in a short time. All appetite for drugs or liquor leaves him; his ambition returns and he finds himself a man once more.

Roman Antiquity to Be Restored.

Anyone who has visited Rome can not fail to remember the mysterious covered passage—about which so many possible and impossible stories are told—which connects the Apostolic Palace and the castle of St. Angelo. For some time it has been entirely neglected, and after the taking of Rome it was cut through to destroy the connection between the Vatican, which remained in the hands of the church, and the castle, which was used as a fortress by United Italy. Now, at last, restorations are about to be commenced, and it will then be one of the most interesting sights in Rome. Most of the work of this passage, which is roofed over, and has small loopholes to give light, was done by the orders of Alexander VI. that he might have a safe means of escape in case of need to the castle.—London Telegraph.